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WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1907.

The Standpatter's Last Stand.

With grape and shrapnel, the old guard of protectionists are shelling the woods thus early in the battle to develop the enemy for 1908. They are training their guns with careful aim at the spots supposed to be the headquarters of the old guard of the Republican forces thus far mentioned. Particularly galling is the fire they are pouring in upon William Howard Taft and Elihu Root. Both have been marked for destruction. Mr. Root made the agreement with Germany by which the United States is enabled to retain its trade with that country for the probationary period of one year, during which time German imports are permitted to enter the United States on terms that probably will enlarge Germany's trade with us. For this Mr. Root is anathema to the protectionists. Also he is declared for the maximum and minimum principle in a speech delivered at the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, held at Kansas City last autumn. This puts him wholly beyond the pale. "We felt that Elihu Root was perhaps our best equipped man for the succession," says Theodore Justice, a director of the American Protective Tariff League, "but as Secretary of State he has made an agreement with Germany by which that country is permitted to value its goods which it exports to the United States." This high priest then declares: "That eliminates Root from the list of possible candidates."

Secretary Taft comes next on the roll of those marked for slaughter. The Ohioan "slices up as a well-equipped man for the office of President," solemnly asseverates the censorious Mr. Justice, who then in horror exclaims: "But Taft has advocated free trade with the Philippines," and "that eliminates Taft from the contest." In the view of the stiff-necked and myopic standpatters represented by Mr. Justice, nobody is now left worthy of consideration for the Republican nomination but Speaker Cannon and Leslie M. Shaw. We have heard ominous rumors about Uncle Joe's disinclination to stand hatched much longer to the stand-pat post, and should he break away we assume that none but Mr. Shaw will be left. Thus the prospect of the standpatters is not as brilliant as their cock-cure attitude at the present moment. It begins to look to us as if they will have a horrifying awakening from their dream of safety before long.

As to Secretary Taft, he must needs plead guilty not only to the accusation of favoring absolute free trade with the Philippines, but also to the even more heinous charge of being a tariff reformer, revisionist, or readjuster—either term is as hateful to the standpatters. It is noteworthy that thus far in the progress of events toward 1908 Mr. Taft is one of the few conspicuous Republicans who have shown by public utterance the courage of conviction on the question of tariff reform. On Wednesday, September 5, 1905, in a speech at Bath, Me., the Secretary of War used these moderate but pregnant words:

"Speaking my individual opinion, and for no one else, I believe that since the passage of the Dingley bill there has been a change in the business conditions of the country, making it wise and just to revise the existing tariff. The sentiment in favor of a revision of the tariff is growing in the Republican party, and in the near future the members of the party will doubtless be able to agree on a reasonable plan. * * * How soon the feeling in favor of revision shall crystallize into action, cannot be foretold, but it is certain to come, and with it these schedules of the tariff which have inequalities and are excessive will be eradicated. The reasonable prospect of a revision of the tariff by the Republican party in conservative lines is certainly a great comfort to those who favor revision, and yet believe in the protective system, to legislation which is always threatened by the incoming of a Democratic Congress and a Democratic administration."

These are brave words, though moderate. We commend them to the consideration of everybody, irrespective of party affiliation. We believe they express the sane Democratic view of the tariff.

"So far as we have been able to discover, the Jamestown postage stamp tastes like any other postage stamp," says the Toledo Blade. This indicates that the government's taste in stamps has not improved of late.

A new Delaware law makes it a misdemeanor to drink whiskey on a train in that State. As long as laws of this sort are confined to little States like Delaware and Rhode Island, there will be no general protest, but when Texas considers the propriety of such a statute, there will be fear and trembling throughout the land.

Commenting that "tools rush in where angels fear to tread," the Charlotte Observer declines to join a dispute concerning

ing two prominent personages, upon the plea that it does not enjoy "the acquaintance of either gentleman in question." Ah! Did Editor Caldwell enjoy the acquaintance of the late Andrew Jackson?

The latest thing in spring stripes is "Abe" Hummel.

Russian Torture Chambers.

A press cablegram from Odessa tells of the execution by a terrorist bomb of the superintendent of police and two detectives of that city. One of the detectives was marked for slaughter because he had tortured political prisoners, thus verifying in a way the horrible stories lately current of the revival of the torture chambers of the Middle Ages by the Russian police. It appears reasonable to infer that there must be some foundation for the reported cruelties inflicted upon political prisoners if their friends are willing to incur the risk of similar cruelties in order to avenge their wrongs upon the perpetrators. Ivan Okuntsoff, a Russian revolutionary, at one time inspector of schools, who escaped to this country from a prison to which he had been condemned for his writings, gives an account of the torture chamber at Riga, in which he says:

"In a concealed place, away from light and human beings, a room is fitted up for the rack and liquidation. In the middle of the room long wooden benches are standing equipped with strong leather straps at its ends. Along the rails hang the instruments of torture: rubber rods filled with lead; long needles; iron pipes covered with pitch, special cuffs—vices provided with screws by means of which the forefingers are smashed to pieces.

The method of torture is thus described by Okuntsoff:

"At first the victim is beaten with the rubber pipes, and the wounds are sprinkled with salt. Then nails are pulled out both on the hands and feet, and long needles are thrust into the wounds. By means of special apparatus the hairs, one by one, are pulled out. After the nails have been pulled out, the victim is placed on a chair with an iron grate seat, under which a fire is kindled. Sometimes the victim is tied to the bench; a sharp board is placed on the chest of the martyr and two hangedmen seat themselves at its ends, and the victim is pushed and down, saw-fashion, until bones break. If the victim loses consciousness, sprays of ammonia and cold water restore him."

Incredible as all this seems, it is even more incredible that a government should imagine that such means of suppressing a revolutionary party would prove effective. Revolution, in fact, thrives upon just that sort of persecution, and if the Russian government had set about devising the surest way to foment hatred, discord, and terrorism it could not have fixed upon a better plan than that of reviving medieval tortures in order to uphold a medieval system of despotism. In the light of the torture chamber, we gain a clearer insight into the motives which animate the terrorists, and into the methods by which terrorism is officially bred and encouraged. It would be strange if in any modern country Russian police methods would not bring about exactly the kind of warfare that is being waged against the government in that unhappy empire. The true remedy for terrorism is justice, not the torture chamber; and that this should not be obvious to the ruling classes in Russia is well-nigh incomprehensible to the modern mind.

According to an accepted authority, quoted in the New York News and Courier, Andrew Jackson was born in both North and South Carolina. After all, that seems to be the only compromise in sight.

A Tennessee poet is singing of the "red-winged blackbird." Fearing the poet in question may be Senator "Bob" Taylor, we refrain from hostile comment.

It is to be hoped that the authorities will not have as much trouble enforcing the injunction against scalping at Jamestown as the original settlers had.

Gen. Kuroki thinks "blonds beautiful," but "prefers brunettes." That's all right; we all like to see a man stand by his home products.

"Did you ever see such weather?" asks a contemporary down Virginia way. Sure; how well we remember, 'twas in the last December!

And now Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, or Thompson Seton-Ernest, or Seton-Ernest-Thompson—well, whatever it is, he has been scheduled for honorary membership in the Ananias Club.

If it were possible to court-martial Winter for this persistent intrusion, he undoubtedly would be found guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

"Where will woman stop?" asks the Albuquerque Citizen. That's too easy; wherever it suits her fancy.

"The President was never in more perfect health," says the American Monthly Review of Reviews. And yet, so loyal are some of Mr. Roosevelt's partisans, it would be entirely possible to find many willing to swear that the President's health is now more perfect than perfect.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A FRANK ADMISSION.

Art for art—make may hang For all of me.
The lyre I do not twang In ecstasy.
I am no fond and frayed Poetic dub.
I'm in the poetry trade To gather grub.

No chap can keep alive On merely art.
Brags Pegasus to drive Yoked to a cart.
My sentiments are terse; I want no whays.
I deal in bona fide verse Because it pays.

Oh, Fudge.

"Our days are numbered."
"What do you mean?"
"Just what I say. This, for instance, is May 22."

Barred.

"Shall we go to Asbury Park this year?"
"Yes; but I have absolutely nothing to wear."

"Then we can't go to Asbury. They're strict about costumes."

Winter.

Astonished art! Though later May, He keeps intact His vertebrae!

Their Habitat.

"Where would be a good place to locate a rubber plant?"
"Brooklyn."

Quite So.

"Mr. Carnegie might have had better results with his young men," mused the near-philosopher.
"Say the rest of it."
"Had it not been for Mr. Lederer's young ladies?"

Plenty of Wind.

"What 'd you say ye wuz lookin' fer, mister?"
"Local atmosphere."
"You hit the right place. We're in the heart of the cyclone belt."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Peace Settlement.

"What is your opinion of disarmament?"
The diplomat paused to reflect.
"I favor it," he said, at last, "excepting, of course, for my own nation."

Previous.

Hondurans were still fighting.
"What's the row about?" asked an observer.
"Has't peace been declared?"
"Believe it has," replied a soldier, reaching for a cartridge. "But we thought then we were out of ammunition."

A Dream.

The suicide club was in session.
Hence it was a long list of dramatic fatalities might have been expected.
They failed to eventuate.
It appears that the session was in the mind of a correspondent, and something woke him up.

Obstacle Removed.

Senator La Follette beamed at the interviewer.
"Delighted with my new colleague," he said. "Delighted. You see, with Spooner there, I couldn't be the whole thing, now could I?"

Anomalous.

While Caliban sing of liberty, And celebrate the day, Then when that priceless boon to man Had chanced to come their way, We cannot but wonder why They wouldn't let it stay.

CIVIL PENSION SCHEME.

Retiring Fund as a Solution of Problem of Superannuation.

From the New York Evening Post.
If the President favors the movement for a civil pension list, it will be greatly strengthened. Certainly, of all suggested solutions of the perplexing problem of superannuation, this one is the simplest and the kindest, while the objections are merely that it is costly and that it violates the unbroken tradition of our government. The Keep Commission's recommendation, on which the President's civil pension system to be paid for out of taxation. The idea is for the government to make deductions from all employees' salaries in future, sufficient to provide the necessary retirement fund. Congress would be asked only to provide for the old clerks who are now closing the work of the departments, but who manifestly cannot at this date contribute enough for their own pensions. With this temporary aid, the plan would be on its face essentially like the Australian requirement—that every clerk, on appointment, take out a deferred annuity policy in some reputable insurance company.

Apparently, the President is not much impressed by the report of a committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, which found that the actual loss through the work of superannuated clerks is only \$120,000 a year, and proposed a deduction of this amount from the payrolls. The new scheme, as outlined, sounds modest, and will be hailed with delight in every government office. In view of the experience of this country with pensions of all kinds, however, no one can seriously suppose that this would be more than an entering wedge.

A New Near-Poet.

Editor The Washington Herald:
I have watched the papers from day to day, noting the comments on the Hon. James Bryce's remark as to the paucity of our poets, and have been disappointed that no one has seen fit to refute his charge by the mere suggestion of the following, which is from the hand of one of our poets. No further argument is necessary. The singers of Mr. Bryce's country can offer nothing better, from Milton to Austin:

And what is so rare as a day in May,
When the grass is green and the fields are green,
And the sky is as soft as a turtle-dove,
That we hear so highly spoken of?
T. H. DANIEL.

John Smith and Pochontas.

From the Boston Herald.
Somehow Capt. John Smith and Pochontas are not receiving much attention at Jamestown. Even Ambassador Bryce, in his formal address there, sort of turned up his nose at the happy pair, and referred to the story as a legend. And yet Mr. Bryce laments the decadence of poetry and poets among us!

Inevitable Comes to Foraker.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
Senator Foraker has already turned several somersaults, and he may continue these gymnastic exercises. But in all probability he will have to bow to the inevitable and consent to the complete separation of the Presidential from the Senatorial question. He might as well make a virtue of a necessity.

Balls and Strikes.

From the Cleveland Leader.
"Four Balls in One Evening," reads a headline in a San Francisco paper. How can that be, when the town already has three strikes?

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MEN AND THINGS.

Mr. Taft Rides About.

No member of the Cabinet, and particularly no statesman who is suspected of having the pestiferous Presidential buzz in his bonnet, is seen on the streets of the Capital as frequently these fine days as Mr. Roosevelt's war minister. Mr. Taft drives out in an open carriage every afternoon about 5 o'clock, unless there be lowering skies. Usually he is the sole occupant of the carriage, though occasionally he is accompanied by Mrs. Taft or some friend and boomer who is visiting him. His customary route is up Connecticut avenue to Dupont Circle, and up Massachusetts avenue to the grounds of the Naval Observatory, overlooking Georgetown. The Secretary seems thoroughly to enjoy the outing, and responds with dignified bows to the greetings of the crowds. He nearly always walks to his office in the morning from his residence, when his route is down Connecticut avenue to Lafayette Square, which is nearly always filled with children and their nurses out for an early morning airing. He manages to steal time enough from his hurried flight to his office to coddle the children and pass the time of day with the nurses, who acknowledge his cheery "Good morning" with timid "Yes, sir." He stops close to his office until late in the afternoon, managing, however, to receive such callers who may be able to convince Private Secretary Carpenter that their mission is not one of mere curiosity to see the Roosevelt candidate for President. He does not often go to the office, but content himself with the glutten biscuits moistened with water which have been prescribed by the physician who has reduced his weight from something over 300 pounds to less than 275 pounds. When the day's work has been cleared from his desk, he takes his regular afternoon carriage ride.

A Blind Scientist.

John T. Timmons, a blind man of Cadiz, Ohio, has achieved a reputation as a paralytic that is not entirely local. A close student, he is able to distinguish through sound many things missed by persons with sight. Recently he made a flock of martins comfortable and happy by building for them with his own hands a kind of bird apartment house, which has been erected in his yard. It is a building with seven rooms, the central portion containing three floors of four rooms each. The house is a beautiful piece of architecture, and the birds seem as proud of it as its blind architect.

For a Uniform Standard.

Phillip J. Cook, secretary of State of Georgia, is in Washington to attend a quiet convention of various State officials for the consideration of a uniform standard of weights and measures. The convention has just adjourned, and Mr. Cook expects great results from it. Mr. Cook explained some of the important objects of the gathering. "My State," he said, "has long been seeking to interest other States in this subject. The differences now existing are very annoying, and it is to effect some remedy that we met in Washington. This is the item of a special session. For instance, whereas a bushel in Georgia is legally fixed at fifty-six pounds, in Alabama it is fixed at fifty-eight pounds. There are scores of just such differences in existence, and it is this that we are seeking to regulate."

Mr. Cook, who is very popular with the masses in Georgia, has been Secretary of State about nine years, and probably will continue to hold that office as long as he desires. His father, who was Secretary of State before him, represented the Third Congressional district of Georgia in the House at Washington for fourteen years. This district was afterward represented in Congress by Speaker Crisp, who succeeded the elder Cook upon the latter's election to the office of Secretary of State.

For Governor of Arkansas.

News from Arkansas indicates the probability that Gov. Little will never be able to resume his duties at the head of the government of that State. The illness which laid him low soon after his inauguration last January, and from which he has been a hopeless sufferer in a Texas sanatorium ever since, seems permanently to have incapacitated him for the discharge of his official duties. The legislature has elected Xenophon O. Pindall to act as governor until further provision has been made. Should Gov. Little die, or a vacancy occur in the office through his being formally declared incapacitated, a special election will follow. The candidates will be numerous. Chief among them will be former Senator Berry, who was defeated for re-election last year by Jeff Davis, and Judge William M. Kavanaugh, of Little Rock. Judge Kavanaugh comes of a distinguished Kentucky ancestry. He is a grandson of the famous Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Methodist Church, who in his day was universally regarded as the most eloquent pulpit orator in the South. Judge Kavanaugh went to Little Rock after graduating at the Kentucky Military Institute, the alma mater of many men well known in Washington, among them the late Gen. H. V. Boynton and John S. M. Williams, minority leader of the House. For several years he edited the Arkansas Gazette, then was elected to the bench, and is now president of the Southern Trust Company, of Little Rock, one of the most important financial institutions in the Southwest.

Dick's Most Conspicuous Picture.

Although Senator Dick is stanchly standing by his distinguished colleague, Senator Foraker, in the pending Presidential fracas in Ohio, it is remarked as interesting, if not significant, that the most conspicuous picture that adorns the walls of his suite of offices in Akron is one of Secretary Taft. In this collection there is no photograph of Senator Foraker, though Gen. Dick is said to have a fine likeness of his colleague among the pictures in his study at his residence. Personally, the relations between Messrs. Dick and Taft are very cordial at present, as they have been for several years. Before the factional warfare over Ohio's favorite son for 1908 started, Gen. Dick and Secretary Taft were together a good deal in Washington and became fast friends. While it is conceded that Senator Dick is loyally supporting the Foraker cause in Ohio, still it is known that he and Gov. Taft are friendly, most, socially, and that their pleasant personal relations have undergone no change by reason of the present contest in their State.

The Gamut of Beliefs.

John D. Long, former Secretary of the Navy, is proud of the fact that Massachusetts is still the nation's hotbed of religious and theological beliefs. In illustration of this, he tells the following story:

"The census taker called last year at the residence in Worcester of the late Congressman Rockwood Hoar. Mr. Hoar's daughter, Mariette, aged eleven, answered the bell. When the question regarding the religious affiliations of the family was asked, the young miss replied: 'Papa, he is a Unitarian, mamma is an Episcopalian, my sister Alice is only three and is too young to decide, and I—well, I am wavering.'"

A State of Certitude.

From the Cleveland Leader.
Ohio is just as certainly for Secretary Taft as it would have been if the conference had been held and an indorsement voted.

THE OPTIMIST.

It is a fine thing for a man to be able to think that what success he achieves in life is due to his own efforts, and yet have very few of us can truly say that we have traveled the weary road of life without a helping hand. And one of the fine thoughts that should tend steadily toward optimism is that none of us is so poor but he may be hedged about by the love of some faithful woman whose influence is hopefully and strongly upward.

"I have seen," says de Tocqueville, "a hundred times, the course of my life, a weak man exhibit genuine public virtue because supported by a wife who sustained him in his course, not so much by advising him to such and such acts as by exercising a strengthening influence over the manner in which duty or even ambition was to be regarded."

Human nature is molded by a thousand subtle influences, by life and literature, by friends and neighbors, but no influence is wider or more potent than that of a good woman. That man comes nearest to being the natural optimist who, with Shakespeare, can say:

"She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty kingdoms, if I had them all,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

How few of us there are who stop to think how little we should be but for the influence of women! A man's whole life is marked by the quality of those hours he spent by the knees of a good mother. The lad whose youth is spent in the companionship of gentle-minded sisters of loving grace is armored against many of the worst temptations of the world. To the mature man is given the glory of the fight. He is at the front, in the thick of the fray; he has the excitement of the struggle; he has the satisfaction of the triumph of the crowd. But ever behind him, if he be a true man—a man who can be called that who has not a woman cheering and helping him on—is the wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart who, in silence, is faithfully bearing her part of the burden; fitting him for the fray, cheering him in failure and urging him ever to carry the fight to its highest point.

To no man are such cordial greetings given
As those whose wives have made them this, for
Heaven."

Charles Mackay has well sung in his "Phrases of Women."

"Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affords her aid,
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends, and are as good,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, as women in an angel."

Cynics may rail and postulators rave about the "frailty of women," but, after all, all true men and optimists will thank God for the blessing of the gentler sex. That man who has not the love nor respect of a good woman is well upon the downward road, for such a condition argues within himself a lack of those qualities which make a man fit to associate with his kind.

All of our happiness, much of our success, most of all our hopeful optimism, comes from women. It is good of War to acknowledge this at times, to bear back the flag of victory we have won and lay the mat for her, for though she blesses us with her divine help, soothes our sorrows, keeps edge on our ambition, it is true, as Longfellow says, that she is "The life of woman is a full of weal."
Telling us, and on and on,
With breaking heart and fearful eyes,
And all about her, and all about her,
The sweetest things that ever arise,
Which this world never sees,
Some more, some less, but the whole
Is not quite happy, no, not one."

KNOX FOR PRESIDENCY.

Charles Emory Smith's Paper Presents Reasons for His Candidacy.
From the Philadelphia Press.

It is unjust both to the President and to Mr. Taft to assume that Mr. Roosevelt has picked out the Secretary of War as the exclusive object of his approval. It is not true. The President, it may be